

tell impulsive Peter when he differed from him. John xiii, 8. (alone with his disciples. Christ's words last written by his most loved disciple.)

If Peter was thinking of organizing another church, he changed his mind after receiving Christ's answer. This shows the truth, and reality of truth itself, and that the greatest kindness we can do any one is to tell them for their real good, even if we must differ from them and they cannot realize the full depths of our kindness at the time.

Who are right? Christ alone is right, and the responsibility rests upon all who have his words. Let us continue praising God, and praying to be instrumental in winning souls for Christ the true and living way.

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TRUE RELIGION.

BY E. HOPKINS.

There is one realm we do not covet. There is one kingdom we would not enter. There ignorance and superstition sit enthroned and man is kept in slavery.

The subjects of superstition are ever ready to worship those things which are strange and curious while ignorance hides the key of knowledge and forbids all investigation.

These two monarchs reign together. Their government is absolute. They acknowledge but one superior even he "who was a liar from the beginning."

This kingdom is called "the kingdom of darkness." It is full of idols. Its children are called "the children of the night." Here is feasting. Here is revelry. Here is the long dark catalogue of crime. Its ensign is of the blackness of night and the armies of hell follow after.

Who can afford to worship at the shrine of ignorance and superstition? Only the slave! Then make us free. Loose the shackles. Break the chains. Let us walk in the sun light of liberty, and own but one banner, the banner of heaven.

What kind of religion do you want? We do not want a religion that is supported by falsehoods. We do not want a religion that reaches no farther than money. We do not want a religion that degrades woman. We do not

want a religion that would enslave a single human being. We do not want a religion that persecutes. We do not want a religion that confines its enemies to prison dungeons. We do not want a religion that kindles martyr's fires. We do not want a religion that would shed one drop of human blood. We do not want a religion that teaches man to lie, to steal, and to lead a profligate and licentious life.

We want a religion that elevates man and makes the world better. We want a religion that teaches honesty and purity of character. We want a religion full of love, mercy and kindness.

Where shall we find it? Not in science nor philosophy, not in the history of ruined empires, not in the deeds of military heroes, not in the laws of the rulers of this world.

You may look into the starry heavens but it will not reveal it. You may look into the earth beneath but you cannot find it. It is not written on the heart of fallen man neither is it pictured anywhere up on the face of nature.

There is one place and only one to learn true religion and that is in THE HOLY BIBLE.

"My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,— I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH.

BY E. HOPKINS.

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries in a loud voice, 'Praised be the Lord.' As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are

prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. * * *. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest."

What a beautiful picture! It causes us to think of that good time coming. John says, "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

Is it now? No, not now. For then there will be "no more curse" no thorns, no deserts. "And he that sat upon the throne said, behold I make all things new." No, it is not to be this old, dingy earth strewn over with ruins, but that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Then it will not be the voices of a few shepherds upon the rocky Alps repeating the praises of almighty God, but the grand concourse of the redeemed shouting praises throughout eternity. There are golden harps and golden crowns and songs of angel's voices. There is the river of life and that city which needeth not the light of the sun. The meek shall inherit the earth. When? In that "sweet bye and bye." You can call it "heaven" "paradise," or "new earth," it matters not.

There will be no thieves, no murderers, no prison dungeons in heaven. There, there will be no storms, no sorrow, no pain, no sickness, no deaths, no burials, no graves, no tears, and this is not all. There, there will be no heart-rendings, no partings, no farewells, no funeral trains, no mourning captives, and still this is not all: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

It will be a home of happiness unnumbered in its years, and he who enters that home will wear a spotless robe and a fadeless crown.

How much better is the love that is ready to die than the zeal that is ready to kill.—THOMAS T. LYNCH.